

**INDIANA STATE SENTINEL:**  
—THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—  
Office on Illinois Street, North of Washington.

G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN, Editors.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION**  
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\$1 will pay for three copies one year.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH—COMPLETE FROM WASHINGTON TO BOSTON.—The New York Sun announces the completion of the Magnetic Telegraph from that city to Boston, which places the latter city in communication with Washington City, a distance of seven hundred and twenty-one miles, in an instant of time. In announcing this great triumph of American genius, the Sun proclaims that the event shall be publicly celebrated, a proper testimonial to the skill and enterprise of those who have assisted in carrying it out with complete success. We copy from that paper the following appropriate comments upon the subjects:

"New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and Boston have thus been removed to Hanover st., New York! It is really so, for all practical purposes. We are also within six hours of Albany, Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester! And in a few weeks, when the Albany line is complete, and extended to Buffalo, all the great cities of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District containing the Seat of Government (forming together a territory several times larger than Great Britain and Ireland) will be able to communicate with each other simultaneously."

This wonderful achievement of American genius reflects the highest honor upon our country. Mr. Morse, the great inventor of the Electric Telegraph, has just cause to rejoice. His most sanguine expectations have been realized, and we heartily congratulate him upon these magnificent results of his long years of toil and industrious application. An event so important to our happy Union, as the opening of a new mode of communication calculated to unite us still closer, should be celebrated by a public demonstration. The following lines of Electric Telegraph are now completed and in operation in the United States:

Washington to Baltimore, - - - - - 40 miles.  
Baltimore to Philadelphia, - - - - - 97 miles.  
Philadelphia to New York, - - - - - 88 miles.  
New York to New Haven, (about) - - - - 81 miles.  
New Haven to Hartford, - - - - - 33 miles.  
Hartford to Springfield, - - - - - 26 miles.  
Springfield to Boston, - - - - - 98 miles.  
Boston to Rochester, - - - - - 232 miles.  
Total, - - - - - 721 miles.

While private enterprise in America was constructing these lines, the British Government built only one hundred and twenty miles in England! As we were the first to invent it, so we have been foremost to put it in practical operation.

**Political Clergymen.**

Recently our city has been favored with several sermons full of the mirth of partisanship, in which the alleged guilt of our country in destroying its rights was portrayed with a zeal and faithfulness like that displayed by the very clergy of the last war or the war of the revolution. This recalls reminiscences of these prototypes. Those shrewd observers saw in the movements of our Madisons and Clintons in the last war, nothing but the crooked foot of Santa; and when they came to speak of the whole Democratic party, they wanted "a new language," so that the holy men, Rev. Elijah Parish, D. D., said, April 7, 1814—"before they could "attempt to express the baseness of their conduct or describe the rotteness of their hearts." But this paucity of means did not dampen Dr. Parish's zeal, and he made the best use he could of his inferior weapons he was obliged to use. We quote a few specimens from this ancient political sermon:

"This was a monster, which every hour gormandizes a thousand crimes, and yet cries give, give, in its birth it demanded a violation of all good faith, purity of office, the sacrifice of neutral impartiality."

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"Let every man who sanctions this war by his suffrage or influence remember that he is laboring to cover himself and his country with blood. The blood of the slain will cry from the ground against him."

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"You may as well expect the extirpation of Ningara to turn its current to the head of Superior, as a wicked Congress to make a peace in the work of destroying their country, while the people will furnish the means."

If these extracts be not enough to acquit the doctor from the charge of unfaithfulness, take the following far-reaching suggestions:

"How will the supporters of this anti-Christian warfare endure their sentence—endure their own reflections—endure the fire that forever burns—the worm that never dies—the hounds of heaven,—while the smoke of their torments ascends forever and forever?"

While the zealous doctor thus discharged his duty as Byfield, his contemporaries were not far behind him in zeal and faithfulness. Dr. Osgood, at Medford, said—

"Were not the authors of this war in character near akin to the deists and atheists of France? were they not men of hardened hearts, scared consciences, repulsive minds, and despotic wickedness, it seems utterly inconceivable that they should have made the declaration."

Lest it might be supposed that the British ministry were the "authors" referred to, the doctor is careful to let it appear that he means "our weak and wicked rulers."

Our young clergy of to-day have not fallen a whit behind their veteran prototypes in clerical denunciations and patriotic warnings. According to them, the political fathers were; the administration about as "weak and wicked" as that of 1812; the guilt of the war of to-day about the same as that of 1812; and President Polk about as sure of enduring "the fire that forever burns," as was President Madison. But their political friends, however, seem far less mindful of their services. In old times, the Parishes, and Osgood, and Gardneres, had the gratification of seeing their productions endorsed, and copied, and commended, not only by American papers, but the journals of Canada and Great Britain! As a sample of this, take a single instance—the grateful outpourings of a Halifax editor on the reception of Dr. Parish's sermon:

"If energy of expression—if perspicuity of style—if elegance of composition—ever regaled the eye, the ear, and the heart of a British subject, then that sermon claims the suffrage of every soul that loves her best of constitutions—namely, that of old England. In short, it appears to be the most strenuous and martyr-like spirit."

Now, the efforts of our clergy seem to either wither in a cold and ungrateful neglect. Even the enemies of our country have no chance to read them, or to profit by them.—*Boston Post.*

A young lady of Baltimore, Miss Margaret Hagan, has completed a quilt on which there are 27,400 pieces, none of them larger than a half dime. It is all her own handwork, and for three years most of her spare time was devoted to it. It took her two days to count the pieces.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man—without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

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